

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1991 • \$3.95

OUR SEXIEST LINGERIE PICTORIAL EVER

SNARL! HISS! SPIT!

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
SISKEL &
EBERT

DON'T COUNT
DAVID LYNCH OUT

HARRY CONNICK, JR.,
MAKING THE WORLD
SAFE FOR JAZZ

DEATH STALKS
A CAMPUS:
THE MURDERS IN
GAINESVILLE

INSIDE LAS VEGAS:
HOW THEY SET
THE POINT
SPREAD







FLEX APPEAL

A PUMPED-UP PORTFOLIO OF BEAUTIFUL BODYBUILDERS

IN HIS RIPPLING, sinewy new novel *Body*, Harry Crews describes his protagonist, Sheree Dupont, as "a single shining muscle of a girl." He sees the women's bodybuilding community this way: "All around them, in the pool, in chaise longues, were . . . women without body fat, their skin diaphanous, their movements languid and deliberate, abdominal walls ridged with rows of muscle so sharply defined as to seem unreal, the mad imaginings of a mad artist." Crews obviously sees eye to eye with photographer Paul B. Goode, who since the early Eighties has focused on the exquisitely developed forms of female bodybuilders. Goode likes women who enhance—not distort—the feminine shape through weight training. These beautifully wrought women—Monica Mercedes (left) of Venice, California, and L. Toni Dee (above) of Vallejo, California, among them—know that the curve of muscle packs a powerful sensuous appeal, and that a well-tuned body responds most generously to stimulation.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL B. GOODE

Having a ball below is April Johnson of Mansfield, Ohio. April enjoys body massages, if you have the hands to manage it. Monica Mercedes (right), featured on the opening spread, tells us, "My father is a former dictator, my mother a former spy." Lynn, Massachusetts, own Carla Dunlap (bottom) rejoices that "finally Playboy is recognizing different shapes of women."



Playing Atlas at the far left is L. Toni Dee, also pictured on the opener. Toni practices weight, personal and dog training. Give the word, Toni: We'll sit up and beg. Brooklyn girl Julia Kover (left) was born in Budapest (glad she didn't stay Hungary) and traveled the world with her dad, an economics advisor to the Soviets. Obviously, she learned how to handle heavy situations.



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

The gesture of the year: crotch grabbing, demonstrated here by a ballistically brasiered Madonna during her international Blond Ambition tour.

The YEAR

the lowdown on who did



"I could take this home, Marilyn. This is something teenage boys might find of interest."

ADOLESCENT DICKHEAD

The pubescent male is Vice-President Dan Quayle; the well-hung doll, just like one he bought in Chile, is courtesy of *The Quayle Quarterly*; the condom cap's from the Funny Side Up catalog.



IVANA vs. MARLA Court Battle

Marla Has: Mistress: Ivana's A Lousy Mother — And a Bitch



THE TRUMP SHUFFLE

Let's face it: Gossip columnists would have had pretty slim pickings in 1990 without the Trump triangle: Donald, Ivana and model Maria Maples. The Donald

claimed that the publicity had been good for the careers of both ladies, but the commercial that Maria made for No Excuses jeans, in which she consigned the offending tabloids to the trash can, was nixed by some television networks as "unduly disparaging" and "airing of private disputes."

**'BEST
SEX
I'VE
EVER
HAD'**

THE AXING OF X

After a summer of discontent in which movie after movie received the dreaded X rating from the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings board, the M.P.A.A. bowed to protests and gave Universal's picture *Henry & June* its first ever NC-17 classification.

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "THE UNRELIABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING"

A TRUE
ADVENTURE MORE EXOTIC
THAN ANY FANTASY



IN SEX

what to whom in 1990



MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR

Ilona "Cicciolina" Staller, Italy's porn star/parliament deputy, wants to make a swap with Iraq's Saddam Hussein. The deal: "I am willing to let him have his way with me if, in exchange, he frees the hostages."



CRIMES OF THE ARTS

As the art-vs.-bluenoses battle continued, anticensorship activists demonstrated in Boston, a Cincinnati gallery director beat obscenity charges after exhibiting the same controversial photos by the late Robert Mapplethorpe. Senator Jesse Helms and other conservatives threatened to cut funding of the National Endowment for the Arts and, in Fort Lauderdale, business improved when the Apropos gallery began specializing exclusively in erotic art. In its windows (right), nudes pose for artist/photographer Tom Kulagowski.



"NOT ANOTHER LIFE, MICHELANGELO, UNTIL YOU CLOTHE THESE NAKED BODIES!"





THAT'S WHAT WE CALL A STACKED DECK

Special-interest voyages being a hot item in seagoing travel, the liner Ocean Spirit set sail from St. Petersburg on a nude cruise. Here, Captain C. Lucas Master demonstrates the use of navigational devices.

DING DONG DISNEY?

Is that, perchance, a phallic symbol hidden in the castle on Disney's *The Little Mermaid* video? You judge.



ROSEANNE DISGRACE!

The REAL Reason TV's #1 Star Is Making America Hate Her



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

Padres fans took offense when Roseanne Barr squawked the national anthem, then clutched her crotch in alleged imitation of practitioners of the national pastime.

WHY WE ♥ NEW YORK

Moored by a topless blonde in an East River speedboat, Gov. Mario Cuomo noted, "In Queens, that never would've happened. For 50 years, we've been coming to Manhattan for excitement."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER, ALMOST

The plumaged performers at right are in the cast of *Skin Tight*, which its publicist bills, breathlessly, as "a lavish revue baring both the soul and the breasts of Manhattan's glittering night life," at The Blue Angel, New York's answer to Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon. By the way, the woman in the middle isn't.



"It's been an unexciting and dull campaign. With me in it, it's no longer dull."



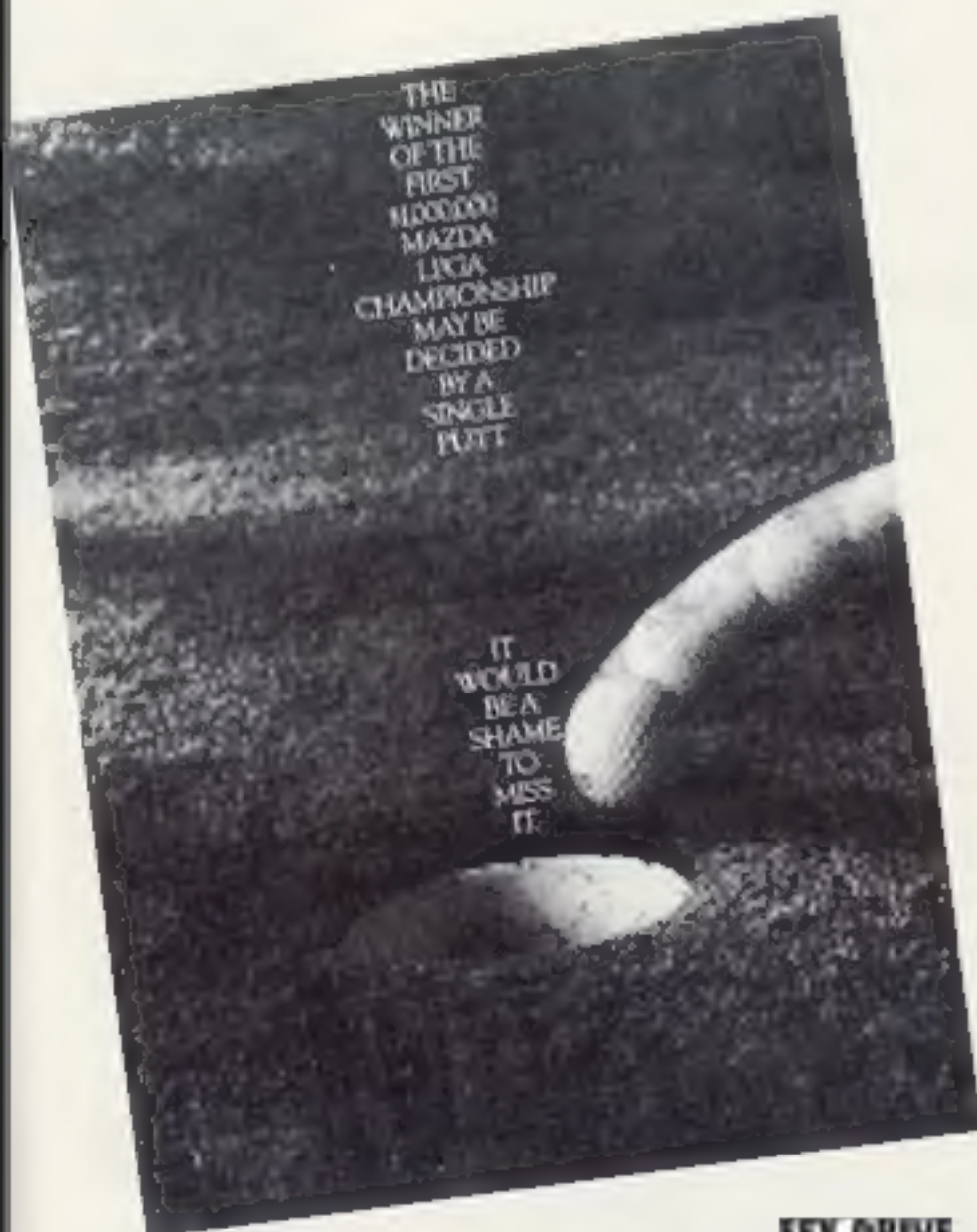
POLITICAL DICKEHEAD

Despite a conviction for having sex with a minor, Representative Donald E. Lukens announced he'd run again. After new morals charges surfaced, he resigned.



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

Win a few, lose a few: One Florida jury found a 2 Live Crew album obscene; another jury found Crew members, including ball-bearing Luther Campbell, left, blameless for performing the same songs on stage.



SEX DRIVE

Multiple-exposure photography of a golf ball created this possibly unintended effect in an advertisement for the telecast of a Ladies' Professional Golf Association tournament, which appeared in *USA Today* in July.

WANTED: ONE VERY LARGE TOWEL

To celebrate its ninth birthday, Florida's Paradise Lakes Nudist Resort packed 307 folks into a hot tub in a bid for a *Guinness Book of World Records* mention.



DEVASTATING BACKHAND

Model Nicole Meissner (in a shot from a German *Playboy* pictorial, below) has a baby whose father may or may not be—she named him twice, recanted once—Peter Graf, tennis star Steffi's father. The scandal, during which Nicole was briefly jailed on charges of having extorted \$424,000 from Graf père, put Steffi (with dad, inset) off her usual championship game.





DIRTY DITTY

This is a song-and-dance act? That's how it was billed in *Smut Fest: The Terror*, presented at the DNA Lounge in San Francisco.



OFF-COLLAR STORY

The nation's first black archbishop, Atlanta's Eugene A. Marino, resigned after revelations of an affair with Vicki Long—who also claimed involvement with two other Catholic priests and a nun.

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

Here's a little something for Jesse Helms's Christmas stocking: the Annie Sprinkle Flashing Finger Puppet, souvenir of another *Smut Fest*. Wiggle your digits and Annie flashes.



WHY WE DON'T ♥ NEW YORK

Respondents in a poll conducted by the weekly newspaper *The New York Observer* preferred dinner (57 percent of the men, 85 percent of the women) and the theater (men, 51 percent; women, 84 percent) to having sex. But sex did beat out baseball.

ROAD HOGS: HANDLE WITH CARE

Truckers may boost their spirits—and their buns into the semi—with the Cab Companion handle from Joe Palmquist Enterprises of South Gate, California.



LOVE IS A TENDER TRAP

Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry was sentenced to serve six months in jail on misdemeanor charges but beat a felony rap despite a tape showing him smoking coke with Rasheeda Moore, a former flame who had been recruited by the FBI.



SEXIST DICKHEAD

Louisiana legislator Carl N. Gunter, Jr., rationalizes why he opposes abortions for incest victims.

"Inbreeding is how we get championship horses."



"...IT'S ENTER THE PRIMITIVE SCREEBLINGS OF EARLY CAVE MEN OR THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE'S 1990 AGENDA..."



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

When Roseanne Barr grabbed herself in San Diego, she said she was just doing what ball-players do. Kansas City Royals' left fielder Bo Jackson proves her point.



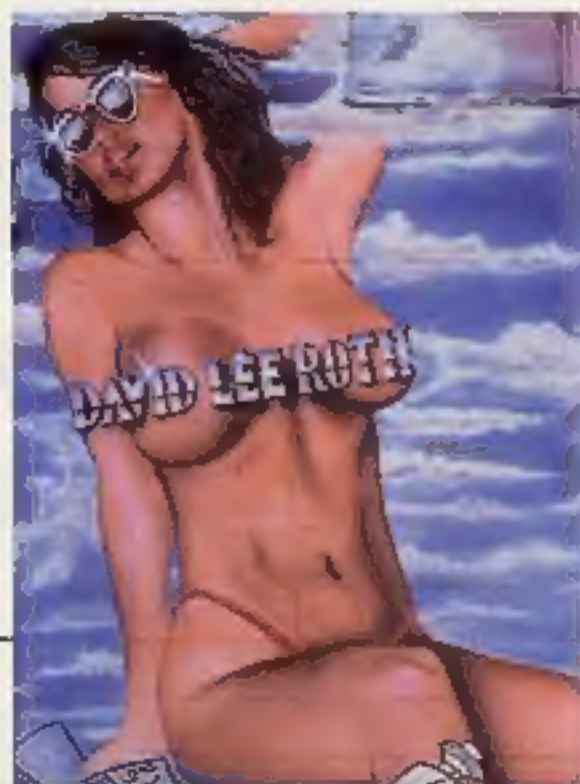
A RACY DAY AT EPSOM DOWNS

A mischievous breeze on Derby Day made Victoria Tucker's entrance at the race track grander, perhaps, than she had intended.



READ MY TITS

Don't look for this mural, commissioned by rocker Roth, on your next trip to Vancouver. Despite pleas to save it, city fathers ordered the work white-washed from a recording-studio wall.



S'AZZ SINGS THE ST. LOUIS BLUES

Executives at S'azz, a new-magazine aimed at the upscale black woman, claim that St. Louis supermarkets refused to display their launch issue because of this photo—but kept Cosmo's nudes on the racks.

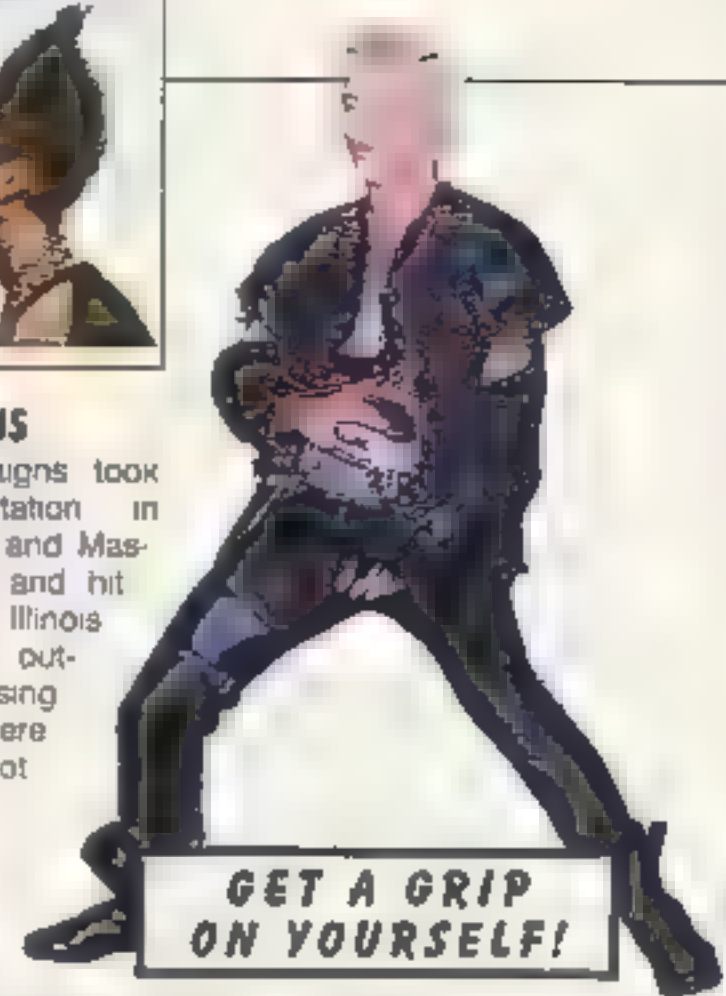
KISSING DOESN'T KILL (GREEN) AND INDIFFERENCE DO.



FUSS ON THE BUS

Anti-AIDS campaigns took public transportation in Chicago (above) and Massachusetts (left) and hit some potholes. Illinois politicians tried to outlaw the kissing

posters, many of which were vandalized, Massachusetts' Catholic bishops said abstinence, not condoms, should be endorsed as the best method of disease prevention



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

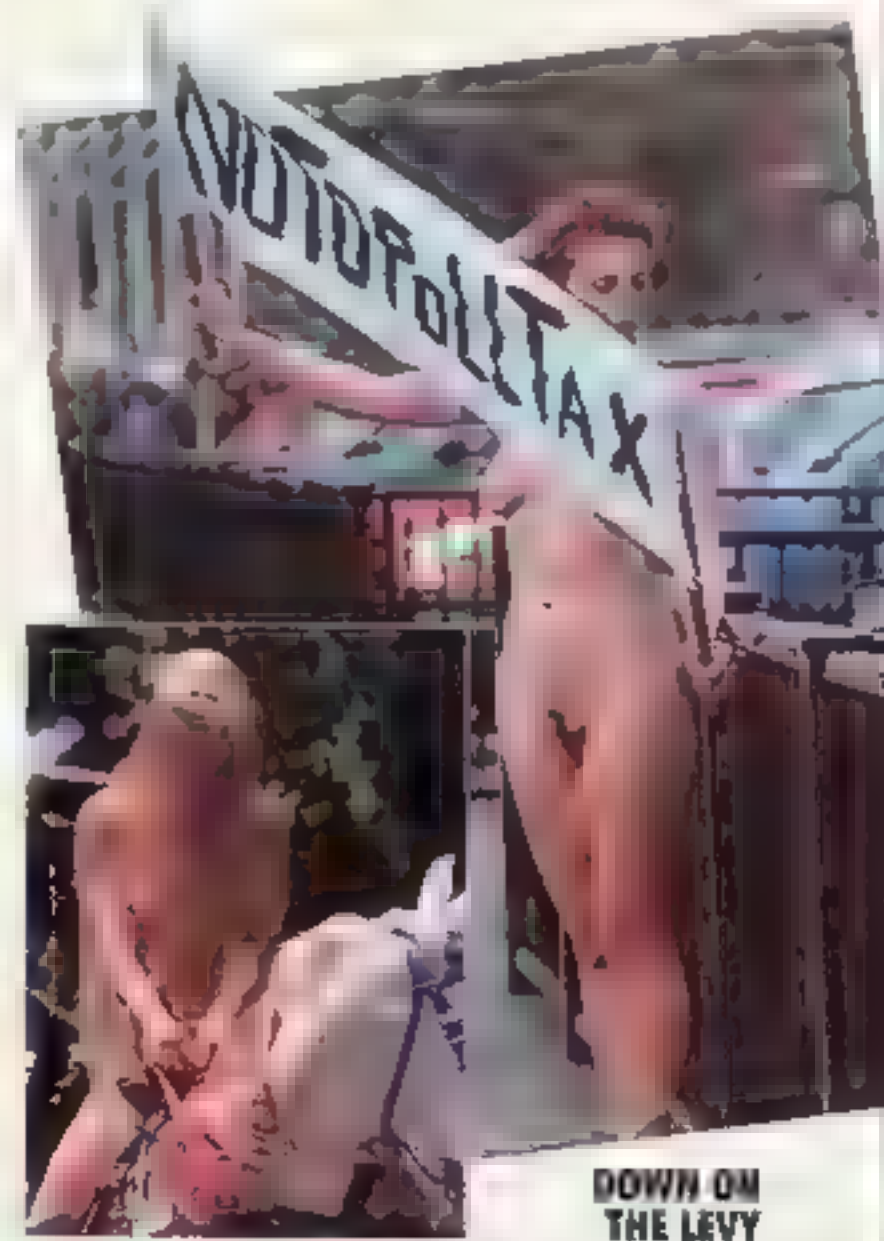
Next to the bar park the rock concert is the best venue for crotch-clutcher sightings. Here the Devil makes work for Billy's idol hands

GRAND OL' SOAP OPRY

The tale of the romance between Nashville's mayor and a country-music singer who bragged to the local press about his sexual stamina (he's good for seven consecutive hours of passion, she said) would have been funny enough even if their names hadn't been Bill Boner and Traci Peel. Now that hizzoner has belatedly shed his third wife and wed the all-too-talkative thrush, we suppose she'd be correctly addressed as Traci Peel Boner

YEDDY BARE PUTS OUT AT SEA

After examining a photo of nautical naughtiness off St-Tropez that accompanied a startlingly unflattering GQ magazine profile of Massachusetts Senator Edward M. Kennedy, fellow solon Howell Heflin of Alabama observed: Well, Teddy, I see you've changed your position on offshore drilling."



DOWN ON THE LEVY

Contemporary Ladies Godiva, like their legendary predecessor, strip to save the citizenry from taxes. The equestrienne rode in Winston-Salem; the banner bearer chained herself to a railing at the House of Lords car park, London

NOTHING UP MY SLAVE!!

Paul Matthews claims he's Britain's first naked magician; sounds OK to us. Here he introduces his sleight-of-hand routine to some sun bathers on the nudist beach at Brighton.



LET'S HEAR IT FOR BEACH BUNS

When thong bathing suits were banned from some beaches in Florida, a veteran Loxahatchee activist, Toni Anne Wyner (above) was arrested for wrapping herself in the Constitution; cheeky West Palm Beach hot-dog vendor Gloria Gonzalez, whose barely bixiniied buns help sell her wieners, marketed her likeness on a T-shirt supporting the ban's repeal, and cartoonists had a field day

PEPSI DEGENERATION

Pop-company execs insist it was an accident that their summer Cool Cans could be stacked to spell SEX



"They can wiggle their waggles in front of her face as far as I'm concerned."

ENTREPRENEURIAL DICKHEAD

New England Patriots owner Victor Kiam is the target of feminist ire for his take on proper locker-room behavior toward *Boston Herald* writer Lisa Olson.



THOM'S CRUISIN'

revving her engines on the road to stardom, cristy is in no mood to slow down

WHEN THE WAITER comes to take her order, Cristy Thom is ready. "Warm goat-cheese salad and iced tea," she says. The waiter scribbles on his pad, then looks at the black-eyed beauty sitting before him with one foot hiked up on a chair and an elbow hooked around her bare knee. He is clearly smitten.

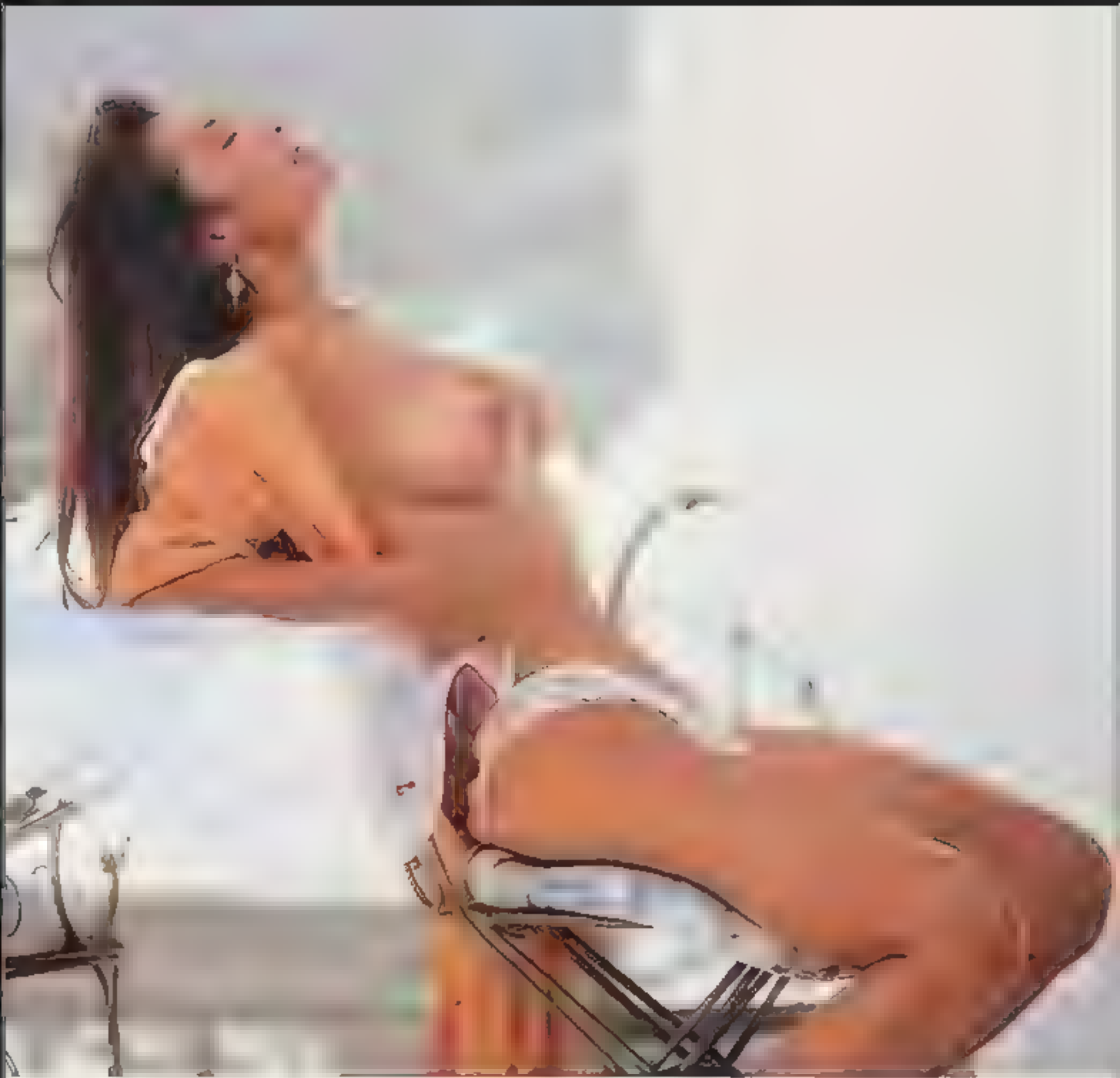
He leans in to light her cigarette. "Could you bring us some matches?" she asks, playing along. "And be nice to us—we're good tippers!" Cristy grins as the waiter hustles back into the kitchen. "I have an incredible effect on men," she says with a giggle. "God, does that sound stuck-up? I don't want to sound like I'm in love with myself."

That's a job for others—the waiter, for example, or the two guys in suits at the next table who aren't even pretending to do business anymore, they're so captivated by Cristy. Eavesdrop on the exuberant Miss Thom—an L.A. native who's bound and determined to get her slice of movieland's pie—and listen to the exclamation points. "I have to be an actress. It's what I was put on the earth to do!" "I have to meet Sylvester Stallone! He's my total idol!" "I'm the all-time Scrabble champion of the earth!" "I'm the worst dancer in the world!" In a world of absolutes, Cristy Thom would rule absolutely. The woman knows her own mind. And she has the guts to gamble when her heart tells her to. Raised from the age of four by a mother thrown into the work force after a divorce, Cristy found out early that the world was a place for survivors, a place where you get what you can and move on. School wasn't for her. "I was a monster," she says. "I was a wild child." At the age of 15, she dropped out and went to work for her boyfriend, who owned an auto-parts business in the San Fernando Valley. Tripping from garage to garage with a headful of engine data and a handful of price sheets, Cristy was a welcome visitor. "I wore tight jeans and a little top. Those guys were hound dogs," she says with a lusty laugh. A quick study, Cristy soon outgrew sales, and that's when she came to *Playboy*. "As soon as I turned

As a kid, Cristy had a wild streak. "My best friend, Rachel, was my partner in crime." They cut classes together and pulled the usual teenage pranks—but Cristy has outgrown her youthful indulgences. "I want to be an actress and I know it's hard work," she says. "I'm ready for that."







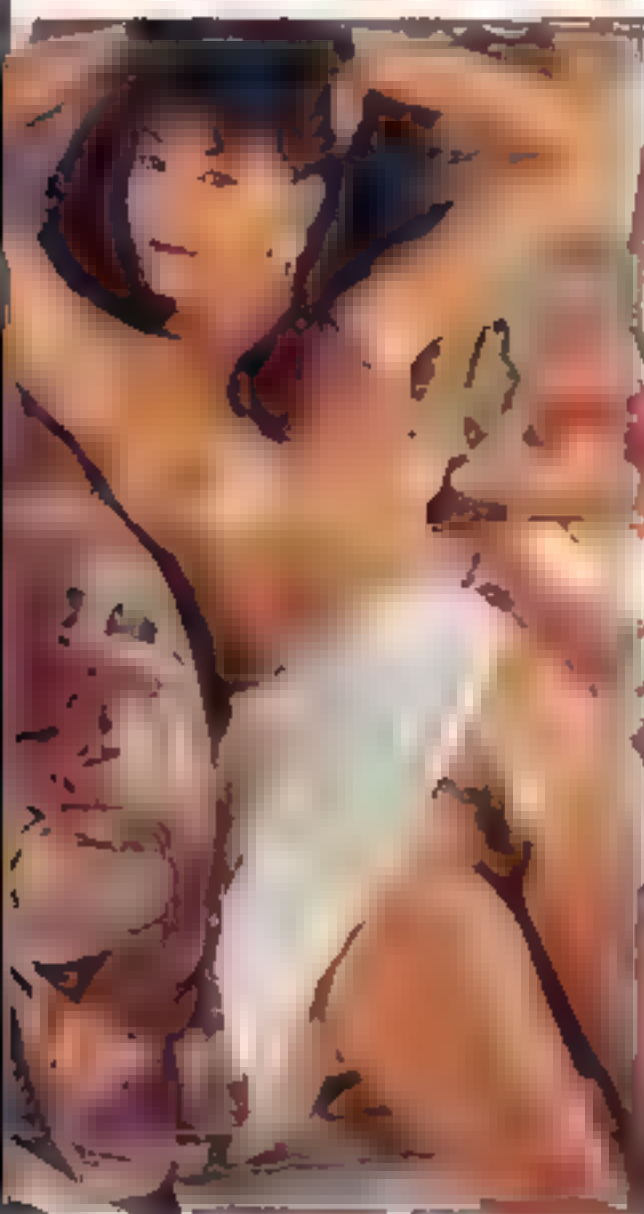
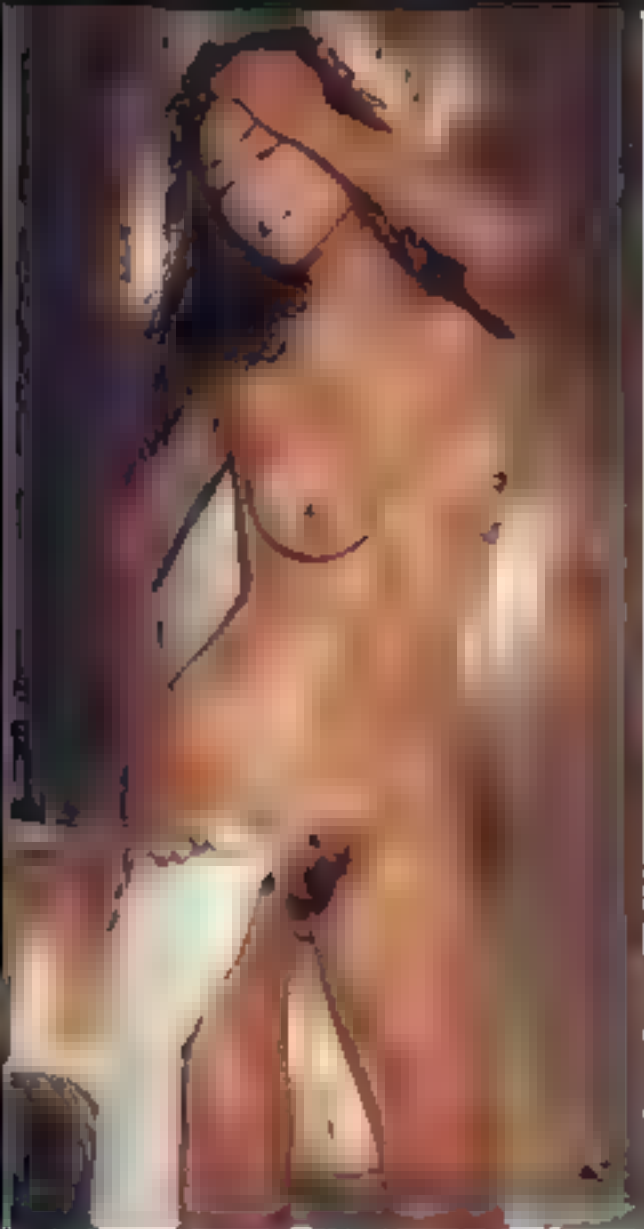
eighteen, I set up my camera, took some pictures and sent them in." Although a modeling career is hers for the taking, Cristy declines. "That's not for me," she says. "I need something more challenging." Miss February dreams of nothing less than movie stardom. "Like Jack Nicholson," she says, flaunting her own killer grin. "One of these days you're going to go to a Jack Nicholson movie and I'll be up there on the screen right next to him—even weirder than he is." Believe her







"I believe in like at first sight," says Cristy, who's still waiting for true love to come her way. "I can tell by the way a man looks and how he carries himself if I can relate to him. The men I'm attracted to are extremely intelligent and very masculine—smart, tough guys."



If Cristy could knock you over with a feather, you're not her type. "I hate being kissed up to," she says. "Sometimes I need to be put in my place. I need someone who can push back and tell me, 'That's bull!' I like the sort of man who will take control."

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Cristy Thom

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cristy Thom

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4-8-71 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

AMBITIONS: To become a big movie star, have much fame and fortune and be loved by all! (HA-HA "Just joking")

TURN-ONS: Wild, crazy nights, fast cars, intelligent men, people roses, lots of romance and SYLVESTER STALLONE!

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, ignorance, traffic, slow drivers and gossip.

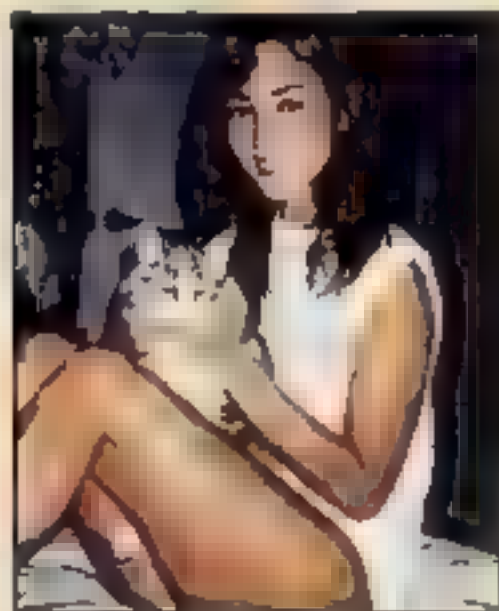
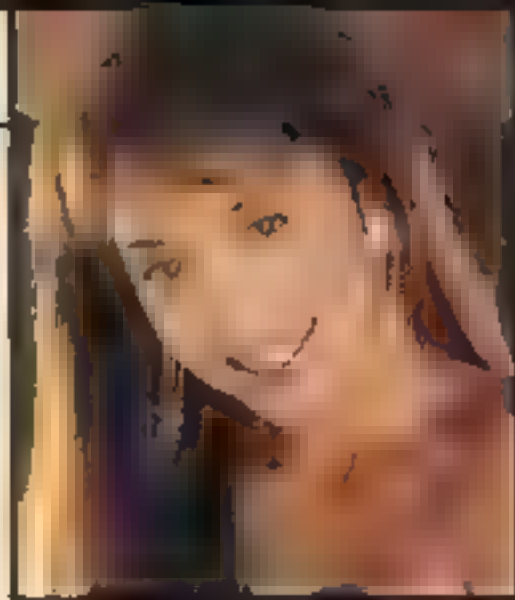
I ADMIRE: Elton John, Jack Nicholson, Lucille Ball & May Ryan.

I WANT: To be taken seriously as an actress!

I MUST MEET: Sylvester Stallone! Judging from his interviews, he seems to be the perfect man. He's funny, very talented, SEXY, ambitious and -above all- he's extremely intelligent. What more could you ask for?

PERFECT VALENTINE'S DAY: Breakfast by the beach, followed by a romantic boresback ride, then dinner in PARIS!

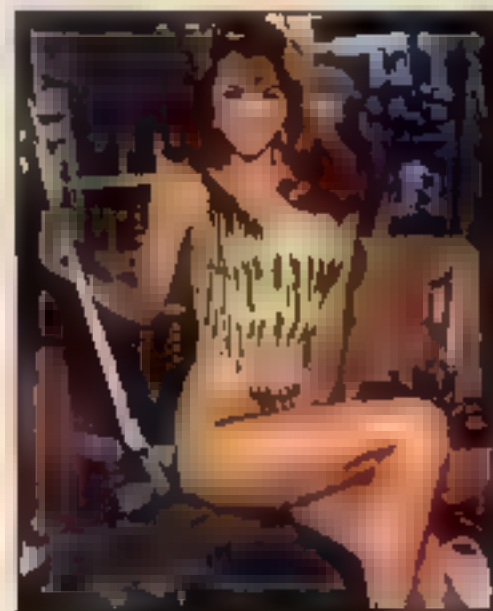
IN MY FUTURE: I will sail the Greek Islands, visit Tahiti and Monaco, attend a major fight and drive a race car.



The real me
(no make-up)



My "big" sis & I
Hi, Sid!



Snap-On Tools
Girl

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The network executive impatiently tapped a pencil as the producer tried to sell him the idea for a TV special.

"I got Sondheim to compose the music," the producer said.

"Stephen?"

"No, Maury Sondheim. Bright kid from UCLA. He's written a couple of jingles. And I got Coppola for director."

"Francis Ford?"

"No, Ernie Coppola. He's young, but you'll like him. And for the singer, I got Goulet."

"Robert?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, shit."



Three friends out for a night on the town lurched into their favorite saloon after many hours of bar hopping. After downing several more nightcaps, one suggested they tell one another something they'd never told anyone else. "OK," said one of his friends, "you first."

"All right," he said, clearing his throat. "I've never told anyone I'm gay."

When he recovered from the shock, the second fellow confessed, "I'm having a steamy affair with my boss's wife."

"Well," the third began, "I don't know how to say this..."

"Oh, go on," his pals chorused. "Don't be embarrassed."

"Well... I can't keep a secret."

The automotive scufflebutt is that G.M. is planning to build a new model made from all its previous engineering errors and call it Total Recall.

A German shepherd went into a Western Union office, took out a blank form and wrote, "Woof... woof... woof... woof... woof... woof... woof... woof... woof... woof."

The clerk examined the paper. "There are only nine words here," he said. "You could send another 'woof' for the same price."

"But," the dog replied, "that would be silly."

We know a local cemetery whose custom is to bury lawyers 12 feet under, because deep down, they're good people.

The proprietor of a Chinese restaurant left the store early to attend an employee's bachelor party.

Many hours later, he returned home, crawled into bed and, feeling horny, woke his wife and asked for a little food. "It's three o'clock in the morning," she hissed, "and you want chicken and broccoli?"

How do WASPs wear their young? By firing the maid.

As the veteran rodeo star sipped coffee in a café, an awe-struck young man approached him. "Are you a real cowboy?" he asked.

"Sure am, son," the cowboy answered. "See this hat? When I'm out on the range, it protects me from the sun and rain. The kerchief keeps the dust out of my nose. And the chaps protect my legs from the sagebrush."

The young man's eyes slowly dropped to the cowboy's feet. "My tennis shoes," he explained, "are to prove that I am not a damn California truck driver."

What's the difference between Saddam Hussein and your ex-wife's lawyer? Compared with the lawyer's demands, Hussein's are reasonable.



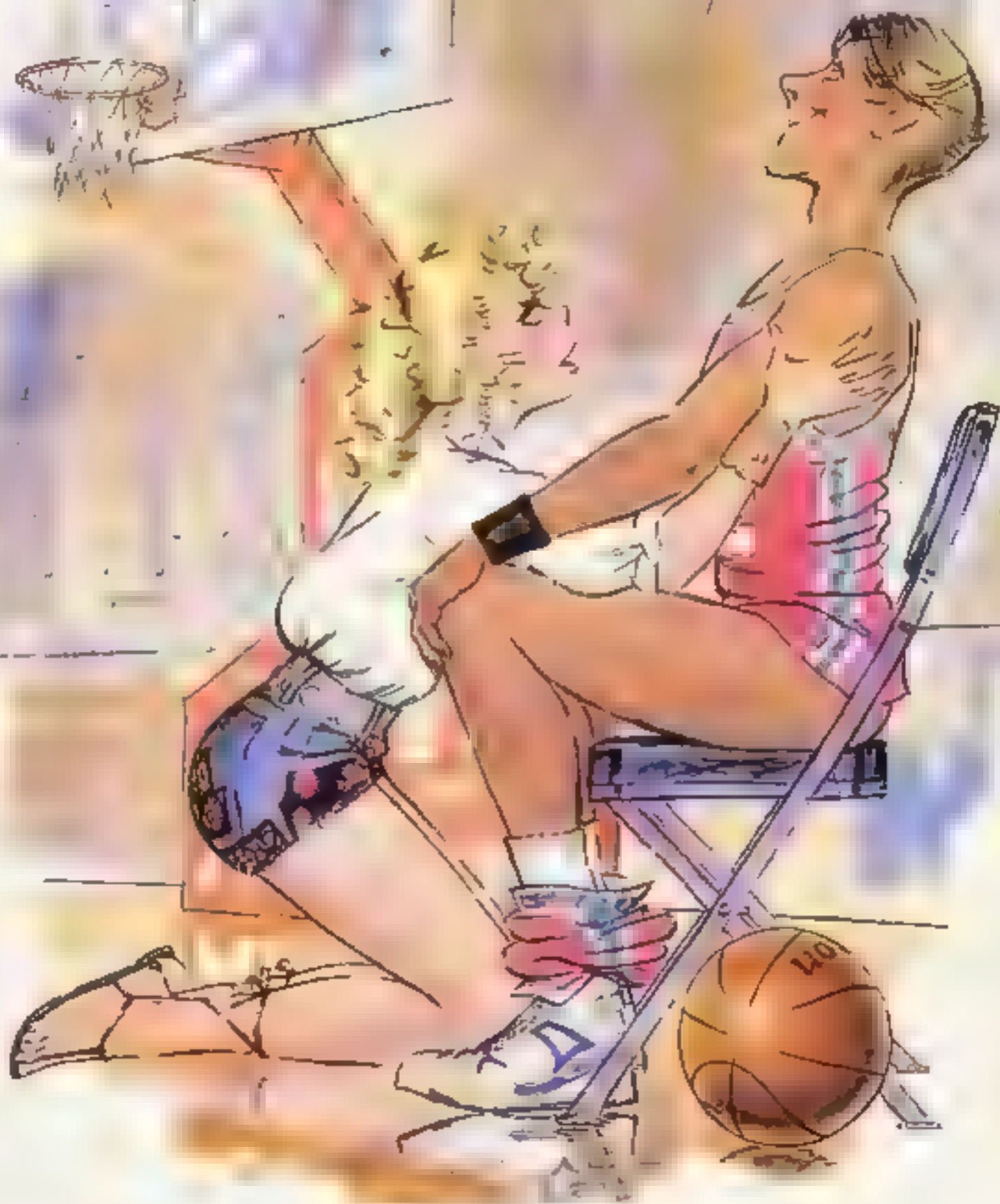
Graffiti spotted on a rest-room wall: DYSLEXICS UNITE!

A young second lieutenant walked into the enlisted men's game room, where two privates were shooting pool. He asked one if he had change for the soda machine. "Sure, pal," the private replied, pulling a fistful of coins from his pocket.

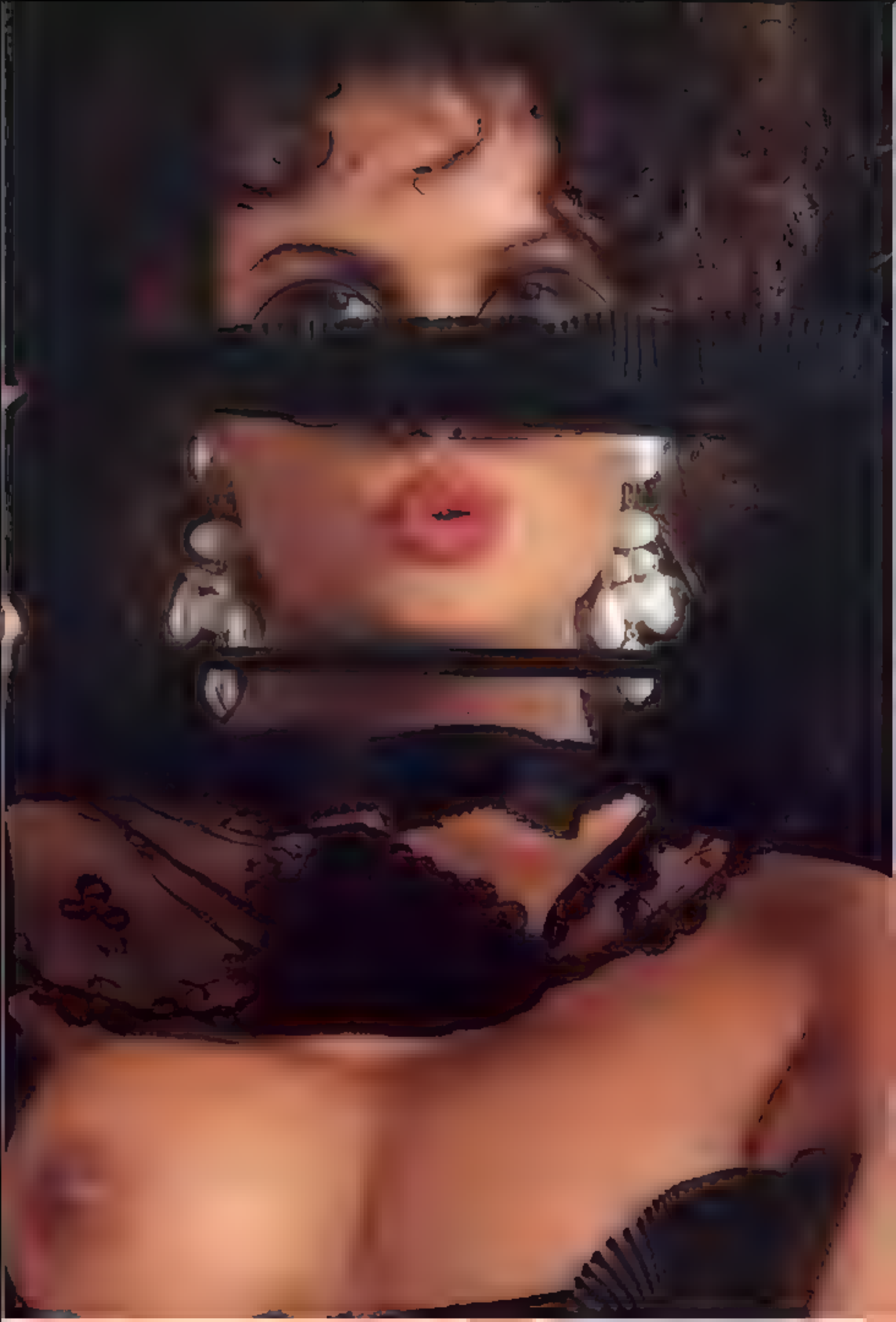
"You have a clear disregard for military protocol, Private," the officer belowed. "Now, let's try this again. Salute and address me as 'sir' this time."

"No, sir," the enlisted man said with a smart salute. "I don't have any change."

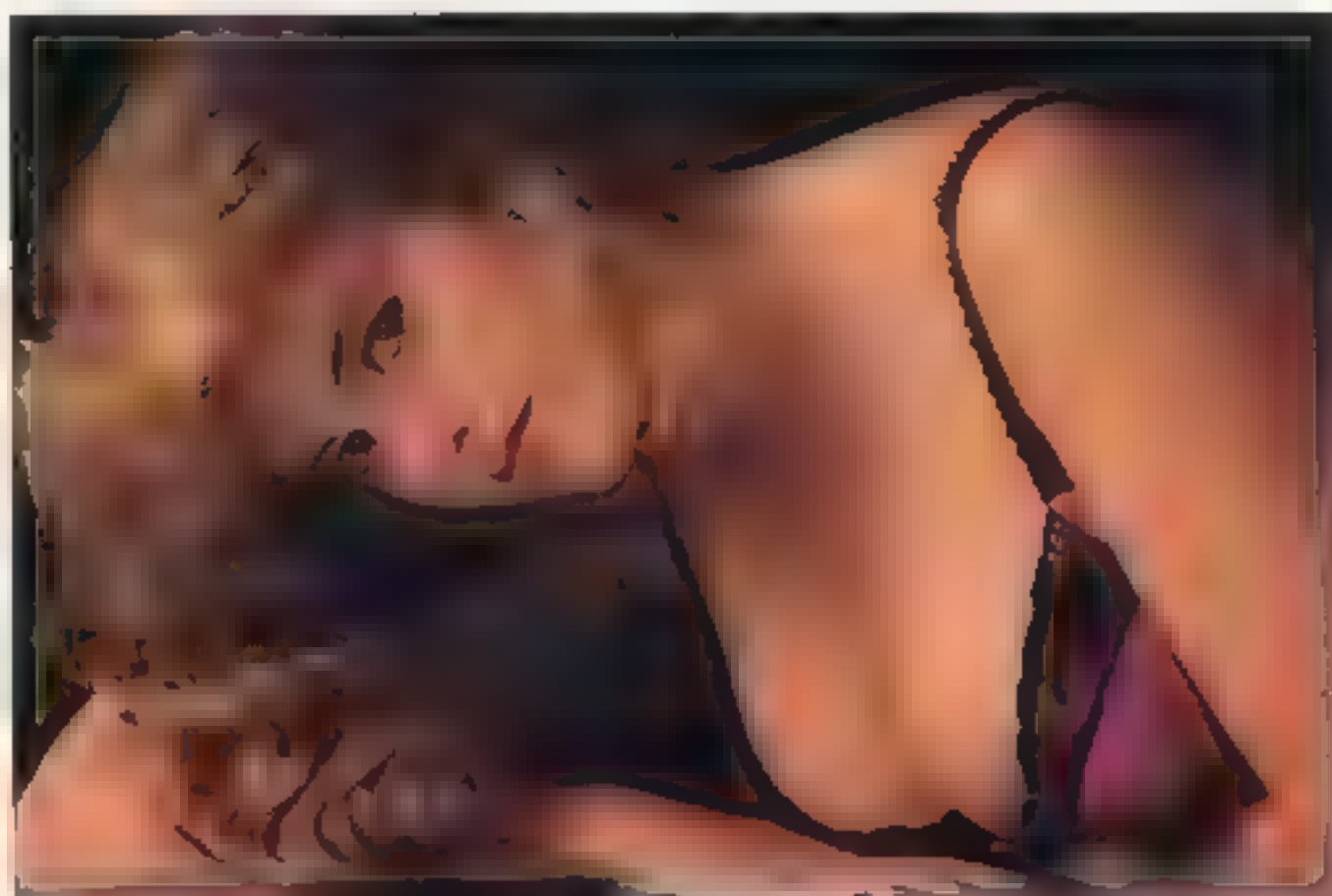
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Are you sure this is the only way to pump up your new sneakers?"



S H E E R

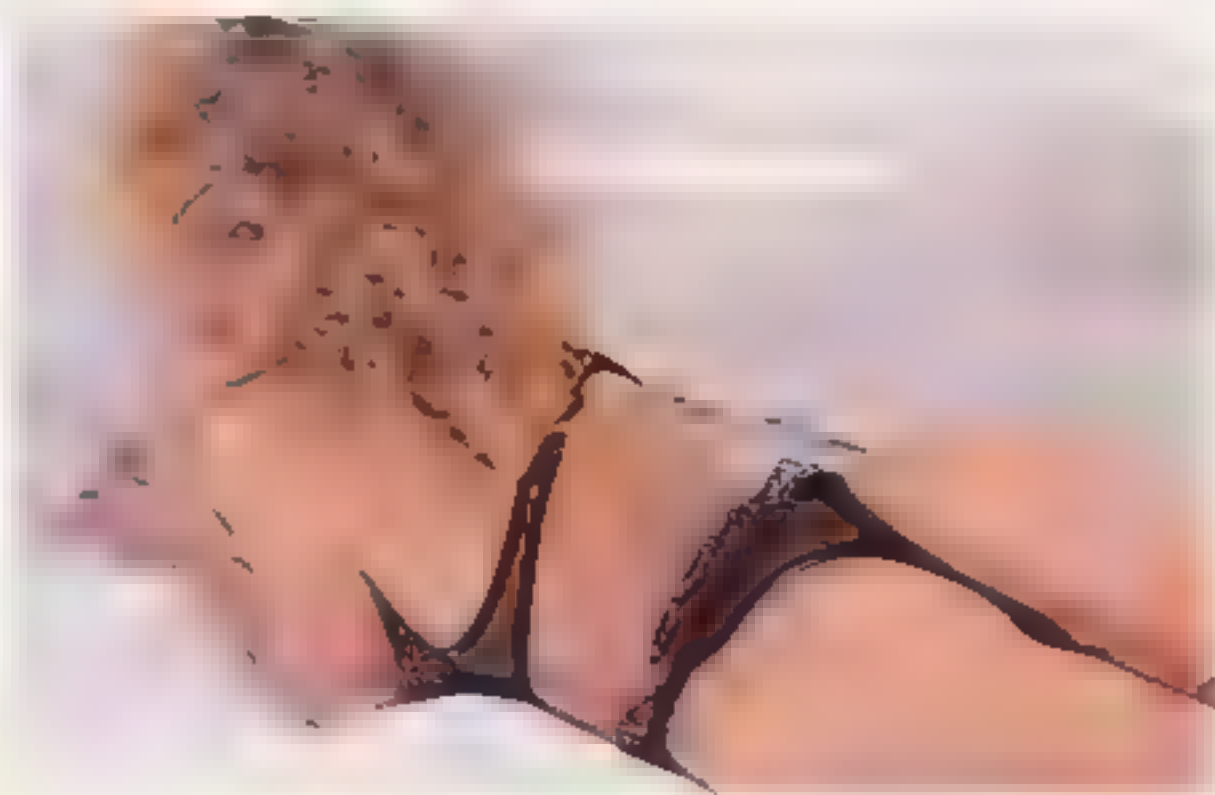


M A D N E S S

the allure of filmy underthings proves once again that less is more

WE CONTEMPLATE the delicate and sometimes diaphanous things that a woman wears closest to her body and various wise sayings come to mind. Getting there is half the fun. Some things are better left undone. Beautiful things come in beautiful packages. For there is, perhaps, no more arousing interlude during the wooing of a lovely woman than that moment when, having discarded the armor of her street clothes, she stands before us in her undergarments, so vulnerable but not quite naked. And if a man is one to savor each moment, he will not hurry to remove those scented bits of silk, satin and lace but will prefer, instead, to allow them to heat his imagination awhile, all the better to relish the undoing of each button, the disengagement of each tiny hook and the subtle whisper of fabric slipping away from soft skin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN



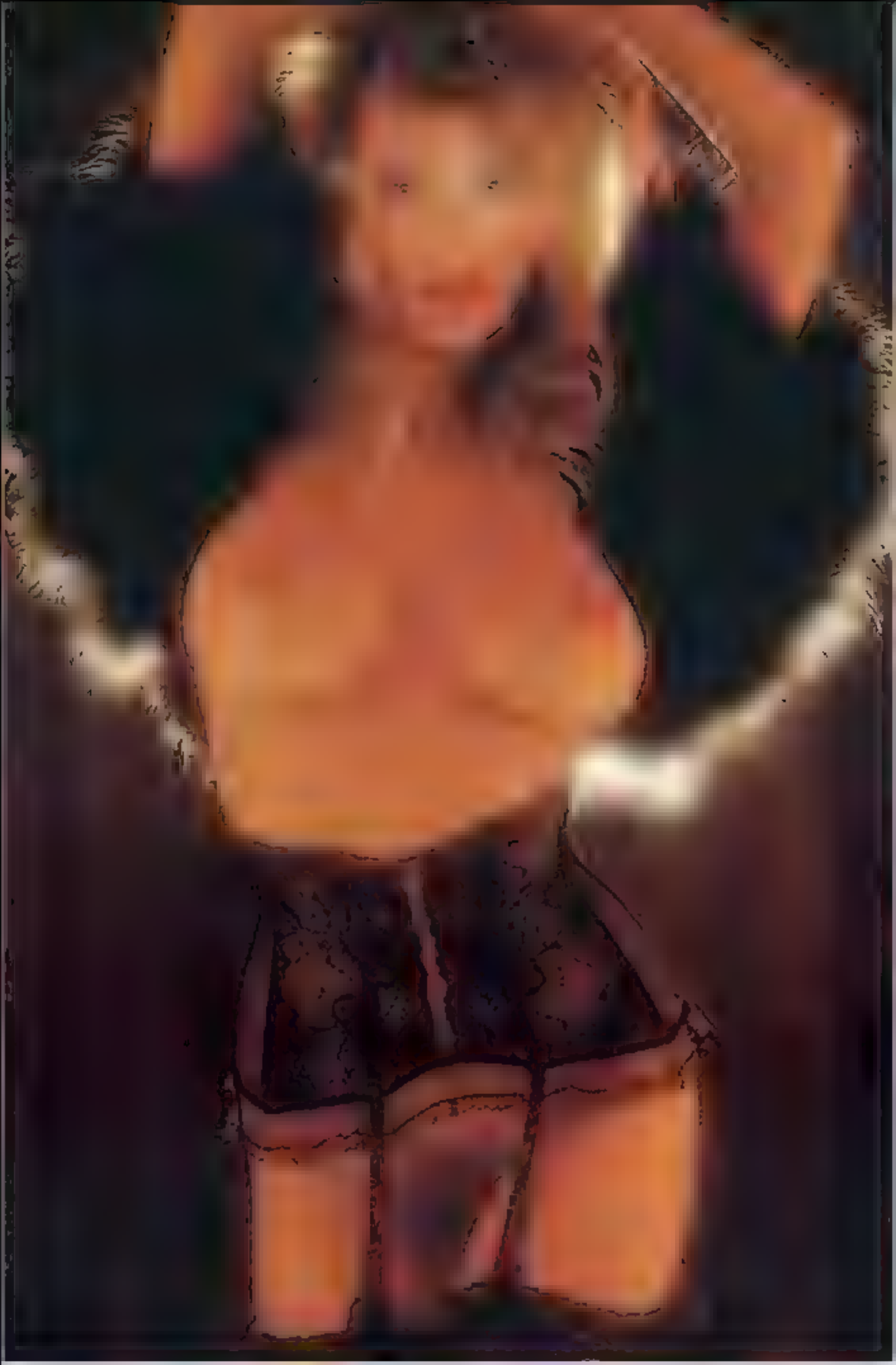
Then there are some women and some lingerie that when combined create so powerful an aphrodisiac that we prefer not to separate them but, rather, to immerse ourselves in the delicious exploration of secret places half-concealed by cloth so thin and flimsy that we become acutely aware of the power in our hands and the strength in our fingers. And, with such a woman, we know better than before why some things are better left undone





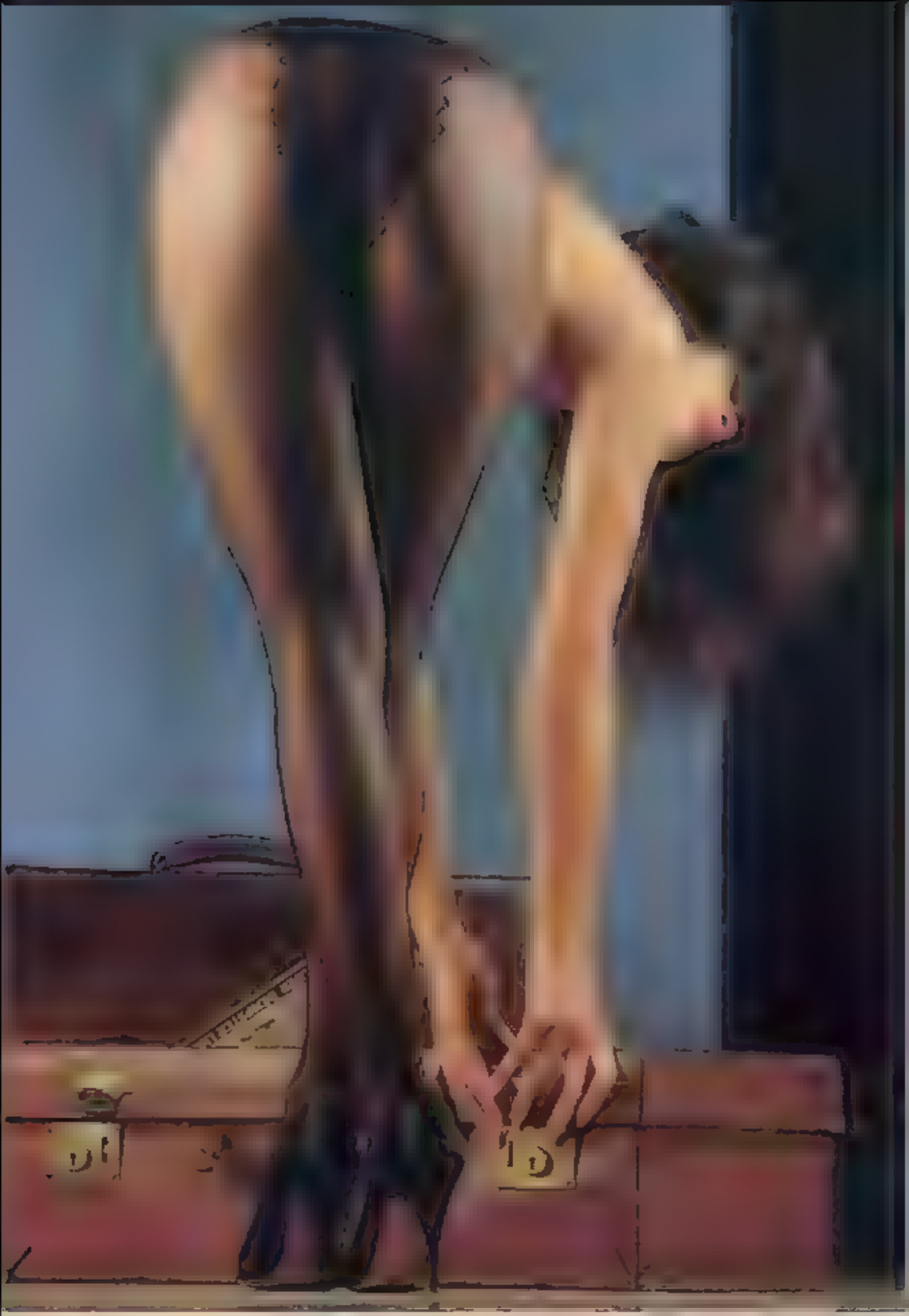








Should a man be lucky enough to find a woman who not only shares his enjoyment of the gauze that refreshes but understands completely why watching her wearing it drives him absolutely mad, then he can, with her permission, share in her search for feminine underclothing. If their tastes are similar, she will not only trust him to buy lingerie for her but reward him by putting it on for him. And letting him take it off.





GRAPEVINE



Idol Chatter

Singer BILLY IDOL (right) recovered from his motorcycle accident in style with a hot tour (with guitarist Mark Younger-Smith), a platinum LP, *Charmed Life*, and a role in Oliver Stone's film bio of the Doors. As you can see, his latest love is bigger than life. Much bigger.

© PAUL GATRIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Apparently Transparent

Starlet BRITTANY is so cute she needs to go by only one name. Maybe you caught her in *Roadhouse* at the movies or in a national Toyota ad or on video in the *Girls of Rock N' Roll* calendar. If you missed her in any of those places, don't sweat it. Here she is now, in much of her glory.



A Family That Plays Together

Have you checked out the FAMILY STAND? The debut album, *Chain*, had a hot black-chart single, *Ghetto Heaven*. The band toured with Ziggy Marley and is collaborating musically with Paula Abdul and Chaka Khan. Not shabby company to keep.



© JEFF SEITZ

Main Squeeze

Musician BRUCE HORNSBY and his band the Range have a gold album, *A Night on the Town*, have toured extensively and are working on a contribution to the *Rainforest Benefit LP*. Look for Bruce to play keyboards on some upcoming Grateful Dead dates and perform the national anthem with Branford Marsalis at the N.B.A. All-Star game this month.

© 1990 MARK LEVITAI



PHOTOGRAPH BY LINDA

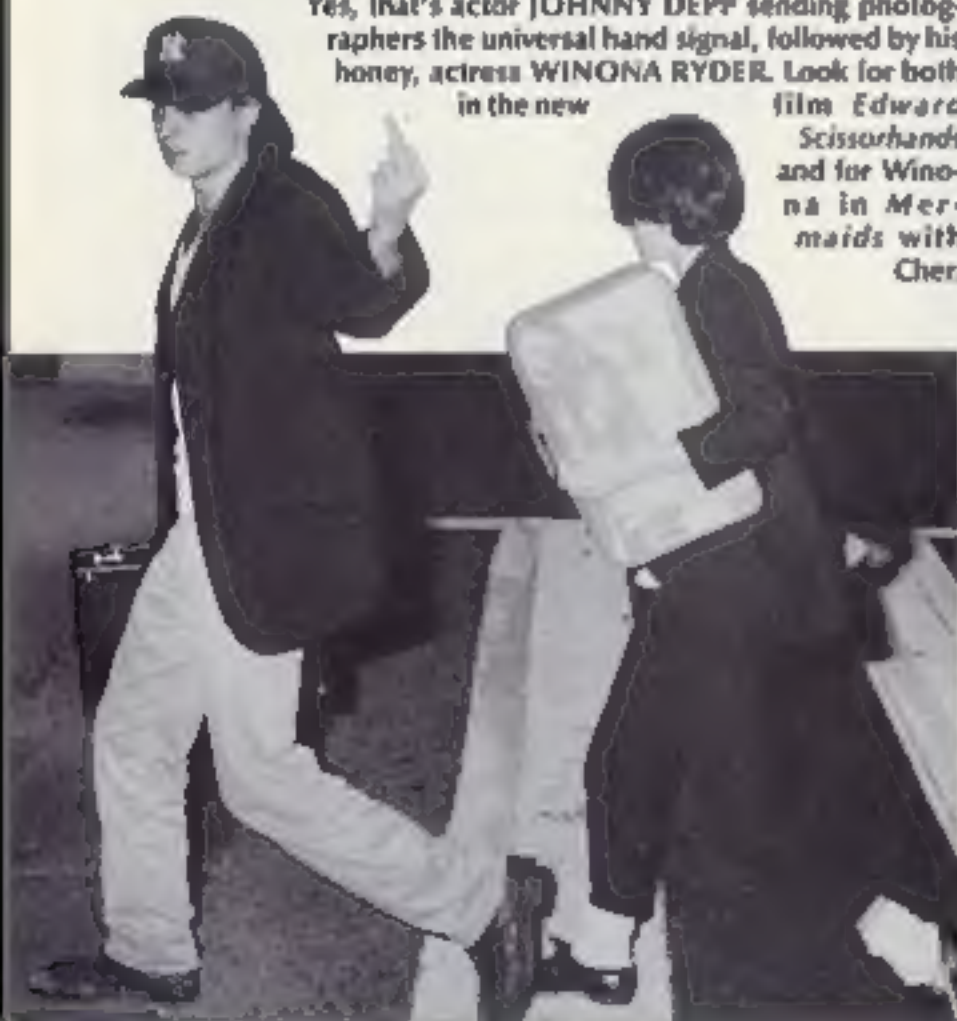
Feathering Her Nest

When we asked actress **KIRSTEN ASHLEY** to get comfortable, she took us literally. You saw her in *The Fabulous Baker Boys* and *Fear No Evil* and on TV in *Get Smart Again* and the *Laker Girls* movie. But you didn't see her like this, did you?

Depp Perception

Yes, that's actor **JOHNNY DEPP** sending photographers the universal hand signal, followed by his honey, actress **WINONA RYDER**. Look for both in the new

film *Edward Scissorhands* and for Winona in *Mermaids* with Cher.



KEVIN WINTER/DMI

Dr. Feelgood

Actress **LISA GIBSON** caused heart palpitations on TV's old *Baywatch* series and at the movies in *The Coven*. She can check our pulse any time. She has already massaged our heart.



COURTESY OF W. POLLEINER

NEXT MONTH



MADONNA RAMA



SMART HOME



CLONE ZONE



MYSTERY CELEBRITY

"MADONNA-RAMA"—FIND OUT HOW THE BLONDE PLAYGIRL OF THE WESTERN WORLD MADE UNTOLD MILLIONS SELLING ONE PRODUCT: HERSELF—A REPORT BY **MICHAEL KELLY**, ILLUSTRATED BY **OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS**

"CUBA LIBRE"—WHILE YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE, YOU CAN FLY THERE VIA OUR EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL. CLIMB ABOARD AS COMMUNISM'S LAST CARIBBEAN OUTPOST GEARS UP FOR TOURISM

"IN THE CLONE ZONE"—WHAT BETTER WAY TO RUN A MILITARY DICTATORSHIP THAN THROUGH DOUBLES (UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE COPIES PLAN A COUP OF THEIR OWN)?—FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"SHOWDOWN IN CINCINNATI"—MEET THE REAL HEROES IN THE OBSCENITY TRIAL OF MUSEUM DIRECTOR **DENNIS BARRIE**, WHO DARED TO SHOW ART BY PHOTOGRAPHER **ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE**—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

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